

i won't stop (cause we're halfway there)

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i won't stop (cause we're halfway there)

by [itookyoudown](#)

Summary

Raylan doesn't often get Tim like this.

Not as much as he'd like it. Never as much as Tim needs it.

Notes

prompt: cock bondage + urgency for sex.

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Tim is a pretty sight to behold in bed. All loosened up and fucked out. They're both naked, the sweat from round one long since cooled on their skin. He has Tim on his back and Raylan is knelt between his boy's splayed legs, slipping his fingers in and out of him. Tim's already been fucked open from Raylan's dick. He takes one, two, three fingers easy enough. There's little resistance. Raylan teases Tim rather than preparing him. He can focus solely on this because he already got himself off once. Spilled his spend across Tim's pale thighs and lily-white ass. Left it to dry while he's still having his way with Tim in a different manner.

Tim hasn't got his yet.

The cock ring sees to that.

He'd never been one for sex toys before Tim. It isn't his bedside drawer that has a cock ring stored right next to the condoms and lube. That's all Tim. Yet, Raylan cannot deny there's a unique pleasure to be found in their assistance when it comes to these special bedroom matters. And Tim sure does like to use it, even if he swears to hate it as it's happening.

Raylan figures toys have their uses. A time and a place for everything, after all. That time is now and that place is in bed with Tim.

The ring keeps Tim's cock flushed with hardness. The head is a dark, desperate shade of pink. Raylan's free hand traces along the base of Tim's cock, touching the warm metal keeping Tim's release at bay. Tim let out a hopeful little noise. That's when Raylan draws his hand back. He watches with a spike of perverse delight as Tim tosses his head back and groans in frustration. Tim does what he can to try and get some friction against it on his own. Rocks his hips up in time with the dipping of Raylan's fingers. Tim's cock is curved enough to brush against the softness of his own belly, but that's it.

It's not enough.

It's never enough for Tim.

Most of the time Tim needs more than he's willing to ask for. Raylan's fine with that. He likes working with Tim toward it. Gets him off to see Tim struggle through accepting what he wants the most. Raylan doesn't mind if it takes some time to get there. He likes to watch the changes that overcome Tim as he gets closer to closer to asking for what he wants.

They're almost there now.

All that cool indifference is drained from Tim's eyes, the blue gone dark and glassy with lust. His signature smirk has been unstitched from his lips and his typical sarcasm chased off his tongue. Tim's not talking much. Not anymore. His mouth hangs open, the top and bottom lips unable to meet due to his unsteady breathing. He's winded, breath coming in gulps and coming out in pants. His strong thighs shake, but they stay parted for Raylan's devoted

ministrations. Every muscle in those fit arms of Tim's is stiff with tension as he holds onto the headboard of the bed. His knuckles have gone white from his stubborn grip.

Refusing to let go.

Even as Raylan pushes Tim closer and closer towards giving in.

It takes Raylan so long to get Tim here. Even longer for Tim to let himself follow Raylan to this place. A place where he's not keeping everything coiled up inside. Where he lets Raylan have lead and take point. Raylan's disinclined to let Tim go once they're close. They're close to that tantalizing moment when Tim goes all the way over. Tim's still fighting through those last few barriers. The ones that keep him in his head instead of letting him live in his body.

Raylan wants to make it last. Work it up. Draw it out. He wants to put Tim together like a puzzle and take him apart just the same. He wants Tim so hot for it and so eager that he's begging with the need to get it. It's not enough until that happens. For either of them. Raylan needs to hear Tim beg for it just as surely as Tim needs to be told to beg for it.

"Dude, c'mon," Tim pants out in a rough voice. Demanding rather than pleading. "Touch my cock."

Tim's still talking, which means he's not quite there. Almost. Not yet. Raylan hums as he curls the two fingers he has shoved deep into Tim, his knuckle meeting the rim of Tim's ass. The pads of his gun-calloused fingers massage that spot deep inside Tim. He's learned through their many dalliances and varied experiments that his boy doesn't have the most sensitive of prostates. It's longevity of pressure, rather than intensity, that'll drive Tim wild. Make his toes curl. Push him into that begging mindset. Get Tim so horny that he'll say anything to get what he's after.

"No." Raylan offers the word with sweetness rather than a streak of mean. He speaks it softly. Says it slow. "You wanna come, you go ahead. Like this."

"I can't." Tim's closed his eyes. His arms are shaking as much as his thighs now.

That's not a *no*, so Raylan doesn't stop. Or help Tim out more than he already is. He just keeps working his fingers in and out of the wet heat of Tim's ass. Raylan knows Tim can do this. Tim knows he can do it too, but in the excitement of the moment he forgets sometimes.

"Yeah, you can," Raylan reminds him. He's there to remind Tim of these things. To look after him. To push him through this.

Tim's biting onto his bottom lip now and shaking his head.

"You can," Raylan says, his voice as encouraging as the crook of his fingers. "You can come, Tim. You're gonna come. You'll get there when you're ready for it."

Raylan doesn't have Tim's big, impressive hands but he has long fingers and strong wrists. He can do this for another ten minutes or so before his hand starts to cramp. Still, Raylan knows how to pace himself. He stops every so often to give his fingers a break. Switches to tracing

his thumbs along Tim's hipbones. Strokes up and down his legs. Tweaks his nipples. Raylan touches all of Tim's sensitive spots to keep him chugging along while still denying him the finish line. Pulls him into slow, deep, and dirty kisses. Raylan fucks his tongue into Tim with the same confidence that he fucks Tim on his fingers.

Tim's cock is a downright pretty shade of dark pink. Hearty drips of precum glistening from the tip. It's a steady flow, now that Raylan refuses to touch him.

"What do you want?" Raylan prompts. He makes a soft, quiet sound in the back of his throat to match the pained, low ones coming from Tim.

"Wanna come." Tim's voice has gone slurry with desperation. His fingers are flexing on the headboard, grip loosening for a moment before tightening again. Tim could drop that hold whenever he liked. Take himself in hand and jerk off to completion. He doesn't because that's not what Tim really wants. He wants Raylan to be the one to decide when he gets to shoot off. "Please. Let me come."

There he is.

Raylan smiles, his mouth a slow curve as he looks down at Tim. He finally pulls his fingers out. Tim shudders from the loss of something inside of him, but Raylan's got plans for him. Tim won't be missing him for long. Both of Raylan's hands wrap around Tim's hips. He doesn't bother to wipe his lube-slicked hand off on the bed first. Tim's already dirtied up. They both are. Another smear of wetness isn't going to harm either of them. He pulls his boy closer to him, without touching Tim where he thinks he wants it. Raylan ignores Tim's cock.

"Please," Tim says again and the word comes out easier this time. "Take it off."

"Not yet," he replies with a soft click of his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "Tell me what you want."

"Don't care. Give me whatever."

Raylan knows that's not what Tim really means, but his acquiescence gets to Raylan just the same. Fills his head with a heady rush. Sends a jolt of arousal straight to his dick. Makes his heart beat faster. "Yeah?" Raylan asks, low and rough. "You gonna let me do what I want? Gonna take whatever I give you?"

"Yeah," Tim croaks out.

"Beg for it," Raylan leans forward to issue the order with a kiss. Gives Tim a little nip as he licks his way past Tim's lips. When Raylan draws back for air, his tongue traces the shape of Tim's slackened mouth. "What do you want? Tell me. I wanna hear you say it. Want my cock in you again?"

"Yeah." Tim's voice goes tight and small. He's still got his eyes closed. His eyebrows knitted together in an angry line as he struggles not to fall. Tim turns his head to the side, tries to hide his face as he flushes crimson from neck to ears.

Raylan usually wouldn't be able to offer Tim another fuck. He doesn't typically go for a second round. Raylan has pushed past forty while Tim's still hedging around thirty. He's not as young as Tim, who can be ready for a second go while Raylan's hardly started recovery from the first round. With the folly of youth comes springy stamina that simply cannot match.

Tonight's different. Raylan is raring to go again. His dick has swollen back to full hardness and while his balls feel lighter, they aren't empty. He wants to come again. Come inside Tim this time. Raylan slips three fingers back into Tim as he talks. He knows Tim will need the encouragement.

"C'mon, darlin'. I know you can beg for it prettier than that." Raylan drawls out his words. In the same leisurely manner, he draws out the curling gesture of the fingers he's got inside Tim.

"Fuck you." The brunt of Tim's insult is lost to the sheets he's trying to eat.

"Son, I said prettier," Raylan chastises as the fingers of his free hand twine into Tim's hair. It's gotten long enough to grab. And pull. Raylan takes advantage. His tone is gentle. His touch is not. "Not dirtier."

Tim shivers and chews on his lower lip a moment before he lets his lips fully part. Finally gives up. Gives in. Lets himself beg for real. "Fuck me. Please, fuck me."

"You wanna come on my cock?" Raylan asks despite already knowing the answer. He wants to hear Tim say it. He needs to hear Tim say it. In that rare and raw way Tim's voice only gets when he's free of all resistance and sheds every last sliver of sensibility. Raylan pulls Tim's hair and turns his head so he can see his boy's face fully. "Open your eyes. Let me see you."

Tim does as he's told. Looks up at Raylan with those pretty blue eyes. Neediness has swallowed up most of the color. Tim's pupils are blown wide open. Same as his mouth. His lips part wide as he finally falls deep into that place he goes when he needs Raylan most. Tim lets go of the headboard. His hands thump against the bed and claw at the empty air.

"I want it," Tim begs, his voice edged with desperation. "Fuck me again. Make me come. Fuck, Raylan, please. I need — need it to be you."

"Yeah, I know," Raylan says and turns his touch gentle as he cards his fingers through Tim's mussed-up light brown hair. "I know how much you need it. You beg for me so well. Don't you worry now, darlin'. I'll fuck you how you like. Give you what you need."

"Please," Tim says again, unprompted, already drawing his knees up to his chest. Tim's cock is leaking all over his belly, the precum a milky white. Raylan runs his thumb through the mess and brings it up to his own mouth. He makes sure to catch and hold Tim's gaze before he takes his taste of his boy.

Tim watches him through half-closed eyes and fucking *whines*.

There's not much more that needs to be said after that. Still, plenty to do. He keeps Tim on his back just as he is. Wants to see Tim's face when he finally comes. Raylan takes hold of

Tim's knees. Gets one over his shoulder and the other pressed up against his side as he lines up his dick with Tim's readied hole. Raylan slides himself home in one quick, hard thrust.

"There you go," Raylan says with a low groan. "Like that?"

Tim's jerking his head up and down with the same eagerness he's moving his hips, trying to get Raylan to screw him harder. Go in deeper. Raylan obliges him. Tim's easy to fuck like this. Already loose from their first bout and sloppy with lube from all the fingerfucking. There's no resistance as Raylan slides in and out.

"Yeah," Tim moans out. "Please, more. Please."

It's a real and proper moan. He's near enough to keening for it now. Raylan really gives it to him.

Tim's breath runs ragged and he makes a noise every time Raylan snaps his hips forward. After a few thrusts, Raylan grants Tim mercy and he thumbs off the cock ring. It doesn't even hit the bed before Tim's coming.

Raylan sees it. Watches it. Feels it.

The force of it seizes Tim's entire body and Raylan feels it echo throughout his own. Tim's ass clenches around him tight as a vice. Eyes snap closed to the long-awaited pleasure. Tim's still got his arms kept above his head, fingers fisted into the sheets and holding on for dear life as Raylan continues to push in and pull out of him. Tim shoots off all over his own stomach and chest. A long, pearly string of cum. The smell of sweat and sex fills Raylan's nose and drives him to keep going.

He fucks Tim through the aftershocks of his orgasm. Tim doesn't fall silent. Continues to make soft gasps and subdued needy sounds as Raylan chases his own pleasure. It doesn't take long. Raylan can feel his balls tighten up. There's no point in holding back and Tim wants it. He tightens his legs around Raylan. Begs for it with both his mouth and his body.

"Raylan," he pants out, voice fucked out but still laced with need. "Do it. Come inside me. Please, please-"

Raylan does.

He doesn't often get Tim like this. Yet when he does, Raylan makes sure to get it done right.

Raylan takes what he wants, but Raylan gives Tim what he *needs*.

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